

for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, He make a
fop oth' Moonshine of you, you whoreson Cullyenly
Barber-monger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters a-
gainst the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, a-
gainst the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or
He so carbonado your shanks, draw you Rascall, come
your waies.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murder, helpe.

Kent. Strike you slaue: stand rogue, stand you neat
slaue, strike.

Stew. Helpe ho, murder, murder.

Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Servants.

Bast. How now, what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you Goodman Boy, if you please, come,
He flesh ye, come on yong Master.

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

Cor. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes
again, what is the matter?

Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King?

Cor. What is your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No Maruell, you haue so bestir'd your valour,
you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in thee: a Taylor
made thee.

Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could
not haue made him so ill, though they had bin but two
yeares oth' trade.

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose life I haue spar'd
at fure of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreson Zed, thou vnecessary letter:
my Lord, if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vn-
boulded villaine into mortar, and daube the wall of a
Iakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

Cor. Peace sirrah,

You beastly knaue, know you no reuerence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge.

Cor. Why art thou angrie?

Kent. That such a slaue as this should weare a Sword,

Who weares no honesty: such smiling rogues as these,
Like Rats oft bite the holy cords: a twaine,

Which are t' intrince, t' vnloose: smoothe euery passion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,

Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moodes,
Reuenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes
With euery gall, and vary of their Masters,

Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plague vpon your Epilepticke visage,
Smooile you my speeches, as I were a Foole?

Goose, if I had you vpon *Sarum* Plaine,
I'd driue ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Cor. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Glo. How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I, and such a knaue.

Cor. Why do'st thou call him Knaue?

What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers:
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue seene better faces in my time,

Then stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me, at this instant.

Cor. This is some Fellow,
Who hauing beene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth affect
A saucy roughnes, and constraimes the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,
An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth,
And they will take it so, if not, hee's plaine.
These kind of Knaues I know, which in this plainnesse
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty filly-ducking obseruants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Vnder th' allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire
On flicking *Phabus* front.

Cor. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discom-
mend so much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be-
gild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which
for my part I will not be, though I should win your
displeasure to entreat me too't.

Cor. What was th' offence you gaue him?
Stew. I neuer gaue him any:

It pleas'd the King his Master very late
To strike at me vpon his misconstruction,
When he compact, and flattering his displeasure
Tript the behind: being downe, insulted, rail'd,
And put vpon him such a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got praises of the King,
For him attempting, who was selfe-subdued,
And in the fleshment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowards
But *Aiax* is there Foole.

Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks?
You stubborn ancient Knaue, you reuerent Bragart,
Wee'l teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:
Call not your Stocks for me, I serue the King.

On whose imployment I was sent to you,
You shall doe small respects, show too bold malice
Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,
Stocking his Messenger.

Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I haue life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone:

Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You should not vse me so.

Reg. Sir, being his Knaue, I will. *Stocks brought out.*

Cor. This is a Fellow of the selfe same colour,
Our Sister speaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so,
The King his Master, needs must take it ill
That he so slightly valued in his Messenger,
Should haue him thus restrained.

Cor. He answered that.

Reg. My Sister may recieue it much more worse,
To haue her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.

Cor. Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*

Glo. I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke pleasure,
Whose disposition all the world well knowes
Will not be rub'd nor stop't, He entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and trauail'd hard,
Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest I'll whistle:
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:

Give.

Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's too blame in this,

'Twill be ill taken. *Exit.*

Kent. Good King, that must approue the common saw,

Thou out of Heauens benediction com'st

To the warme Sun.

Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,

That by thy comfortable Beames I may

Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles

But winter: I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,

Who hath most fortunately bene inform'd

Of my obscur'd course. And shall finde time

From this enormous State, seeking to giue

Losses their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,

Take vantage heauie eyes, not to behold

This shameful lodging. Fortune goodnight,

Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my selfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and most vnusall vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
I will preferue my selfe: and am bethought
To take the basest, and most poorest shape
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beast; my face Ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, else all my haire in knots,
And with presented nakednesse out-face
The Windes, and persecutions of the skie;
The Country giues me prooffe, and president
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes,
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemarie:
And with this horrible obiect, from low Farmes,
Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles,
Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometime with Prayers
Inforce their charitie: poore *Tinlygod*, poore *Tom*,
That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send backe my Messengers.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpose in them
Of this remoue.

Kent. Haile to thee Noble Master.

Lear. Ha? Mak'st thou this shame aby pastime?

Kent. No my Lord.

Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horfes are
tied by the heads, Dogges and Beares, by th' necke,
Monkies by th' loynes, and Men by th' legs: when a man
ouerlustie at legs, then he weares woddennether-stocks.

Lear. What's he,
That hath so much thy place mistooke
To set thee heere?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your Son, and Daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No I say.

Kent. I say yea.

Lear. By *Insiper* I sweare no.

Kent.

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